[ficlet] Human AU: Grave

May. 5th, 2011 at 7:31 AM

Title: Human AU: Grave.
Fandom: Supernatural.
Rating: PG.
Warnings: Mentions of angelcest.
Pairings/Characters: Michael, Lucifer, Raphael, Gabriel.
Word Count: 675 words.
Summary: Want it or not, Michael gets company while he's sick.
Note: Written for **spn_30snapshots**, with the prompt grave being used for this one. Twenty-five down, five to go!

This whole series will be over soon, I promise.

Also? Don't start reading here. Go here and start with #4, as that's the first story in this collection. You'll be confused otherwise.

Michael sleeps through the day and night, occasionally waking to drink water, to wonder at why Raphael's carrying him to bed, and then to wonder at the haze around his mind.

He is ill, that runs through his mind every time he is conscious to think of it.

He might be dying, that runs through his mind every time he is conscious enough for fear to curl low in his belly and that is when he feels hands on his forehead and on his shoulders, for he can't stop himself from showing the fear, can't hide his feeling at all.

The next day dawns and he cannot sleep with the sun shining through the window so brightly, and he may not feel right, but he is awake and with awakeness comes awareness and -

Lucifer. Lucifer is sleeping next to him, and Michael cannot begin to understand why he would be there.

Michael lies in bed and watches sunlight shine through Lucifer's hair and waits for something to happen.

He doesn't know how much time has passed before Raphael opens the door and comes in, setting a drink on the nightstand and putting a hand on Michael's forehead.

"You're getting better," Raphael tells him quietly. "Good morning."

Michael blinks rapidly and sits up, or tries to, but Raphael is pushing him back down.

"Stay in bed. You still need rest."

"What is Lucifer doing here?" Michael asks.

"He's sleeping," Raphael says, then smiles. "He volunteered to stay here and keep you calm...if we left you alone for long, you panicked."

Michael has nothing to say to that...or rather, he is too tired to begin to get angry now.

There is that, and Lucifer is warm against his side. Michael doesn't need Raphael to tell him that he feels safe with Lucifer there.

He tells himself that he is sick, and clearly unable to act rationally.

He closes his eyes as Raphael checks his temperature again and when Raphael helps him sit up to drink water, he tilts his head and leans into Raphael's arm.

The moment he lies back down, he drifts back into sleep.

The next time he wakes up, he feels better. Alive.

Michael gets out of bed before he takes stock of his situation, simply to be on his feet and in control of himself.

"Nn. G'back here," Gabriel says from the bed, and when Michael turns, there is Gabriel where Lucifer had been earlier.

"I feel healthy."

"Good for you. Get back here before my nap's officially over."

Michael stares at Gabriel, then gets back into bed. He's not sleepy in the least, not anymore, and he wants to be up and moving and doing something, but - Gabriel yawns, tossing an arm over his waist and Michael thinks he might be too hot now.

"Gabriel."

"Nn."

"Gabriel, I want to get up."

"Too bad."

Michael almost tries to push Gabriel off, but instead lets his hands fall to Gabriel's hair, and closes his eyes.

"Why are you here?"

"Same reason Lucifer was here earlier," Gabriel mumbles. "Lemme sleep!"

Michael pets Gabriel's hair and thinks that their reasons must not be the same, yet he doesn't think Gabriel is lying.

"Am I being used?"

"As an excuse for a nap, sure," Gabriel says with a yawn. "But you know, I might actually care about you."

Michael opens his eyes at this. "Why?" It doesn't make sense to him.

"You're my brother, right?"

"Yes," Michael confirms.

"Then that should be all I need to justify why," Gabriel looks at him, then sighs. "I'll get up, I'm not sleeping anymore anyways."

Michael's silent as he rolls out of bed, and he watches as Gabriel throws on a white t-shirt and tugs at his too-big sweatpants. He slowly gets out of bed once Gabriel's gone, and rubs his forehead.

He doesn't understand them, truly, but somehow...he feels warm. Not physically.

It's not an emotion he's used to.

Raphael thinks he's expecting it when Michael comes down wide-eyed and lost.

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